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TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1911.

FOR A FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

One of the greatest needs of this city will be discussed to-night at a meeting at the John Marshall High School. The need is a free public library, which shall be open to all the people of this city, and which, if established, will be a power for good and for social uplift in this community far greater than its most ardent supporters can now realize. Every citizen of Richmond who is really interested in the welfare of the city should be present; for all that is necessary for the establishment of a free public library is the hearty assistance and co-operation of the many community organizations in the city, together with the support of the citizens generally. Every free citizen should join the Richmond Education Association, and thereby help to make it an irresistible force for the good of Richmond.

This Association, with such membership as it already has, has shown in the last year that it can do valuable work, for it has been successful in getting appropriations from the city for the erection of three new school buildings. Within the same period the Association has given to the community three instructive public lectures: "The Twentieth Century School," by Dr. Charles Zuehlke; "Industrial Work for Women," by Miss Florence Marshall; and "Nature Study Talks," by Miss Julia Rogers. While Miss Lucy Wheelock has addressed the teachers of the kindergarten classes. During the final week of May, the Association will have an art exhibit, which will be free to the pupils of the public schools of the city. The National Municipal League will meet here in November, and it is generally admitted that the session here was partly brought about by the work of the Richmond Education Association.

The chief speaker at the meeting to-night will be George Franklin Bowerman, librarian of the Carnegie Public Library of Washington. He will discuss the benefits to be derived from the foundation of a free public library. He has a national reputation as a speaker for this cause, and no doubt a large audience will greet him. Mr. Bowerman knows whereof he speaks, having enjoyed long experience in library work. He has been successfully reference librarian at the Reynolds Library of Rochester, New York; librarian in the reference department of the New York State Library, a member of the editorial staff of the New York Tribune, an editor of the New International Encyclopedia, librarian of the Wilmington, Delaware, Free Library, and librarian of the Carnegie Library of Washington. He is also a member of many learned societies and a fine scholar.

Visitors who come here from other large cities like to say struck by the fact that Richmond has no free public library, however much they may be impressed with the excellent work being accomplished by the State Library, which, by reason of the limitations imposed upon it, cannot take the place of a large free public library, administered in the interest of the people, with adequate facilities and funds.

Richmond as a city lags woefully behind many far more important places in this matter of a free public library. Let us look at the figures in the case, which may be obtained from the bulletin issued in 1909 by the United States Bureau of Education, pertaining to libraries containing more than 5,000 volumes. Comparative figures will be cited only for those libraries which are marked "F" in the bulletin, referring to eliminating all special libraries, such as "State," "College," "Special Reference" and "Subscription" libraries, since we are dealing exclusively with free public libraries for general use.

Proceeding, then, in a search for a free public library in Virginia, we find but one classified in 1909—the Norfolk City Library, which had in 1905 15,000 bound volumes. While the Virginia State Library here in Richmond—perhaps others—is accessible to the people generally, it has not the facilities nor the equipment which a real free public library should have.

It will be accepted as an axiom that no place of Richmond's size in the North, East or West is without an adequate public library. In those sections, a free public library is regarded as an indispensable part of the educational system. Cities in those parts of the country of far less population than Richmond, and hundreds of years younger, have city libraries which place Richmond in this respect in no enviable light.

Granting—as we must—that cities of like size in other States are more progressive than Richmond in respect to free public libraries, let us compare Richmond with other cities in some of the Southern States. Richmond has no free public library, exactly speaking, for the only support Richmond gives to the State Library is indirect. The

libraries in the South hereafter listed are those which are understood to be independent of any college, private institution, or State.

Starting with Alabama, there is Montgomery (about one-fourth the size of Richmond), which has a free public library, with 9,000 volumes—when we say volumes, we mean simply bound volumes. Fort Smith, Arkansas, a much smaller place than Montgomery, has a similar library with 5,000 volumes. Wilmington, Delaware, with almost 10,000 less inhabitants than Richmond, has a free public library with 52,505 books. Jacksonville, with more than one-third the size of Richmond, boasts 16,255 volumes in its city library. Athens, Georgia, has 7,955 volumes, while Atlanta, with a library that was only founded in 1899, has 45,000 books in its public free library. Think of it! Atlanta, in no sense equal to Richmond as a city save with respect to a free public library, wherein it excels Richmond unspokeably! Columbus, a small Georgia railroad station, has 5,000 volumes, while Macon has 5,000. Newnan, Georgia, which we never heard of before, has 11,011 volumes.

Go into Kentucky. There you find Covington, with 12,822 volumes; Henderson, with 5,172; Lexington, with 23,224; Louisville, with 23,358. Even Paducah, with no population to speak of, has 5,321.

There is New Orleans, with 90,000 volumes in its city free library, founded no further back than 1899. Baltimore, in its free public libraries alone, has 252,811 volumes. Hagerstown has 20,000 volumes.

Go into North Carolina and look over the free public libraries. There is Charlotte, with 5,535 volumes. Greensboro has scarcely less, 5,191. Ledger, which we cannot locate on the map, has 18,000 volumes, although a certain historic and world-famous Virginia city has none. Raleigh, the capital city of the Old North State, has 9,250 books for its people, and Wilmington has 6,000 volumes for its citizens.

Clinton, South Carolina, has only 6,000 volumes, but, like Norfolk, it is the only real free public library in its State.

Texas, where one would not expect to find many free public libraries, is full of them. There is Corsicana, with 5,334 volumes; El Paso, with 10,000; Dallas, with 23,015; Fort Worth, with 15,341; Galveston, with 22,500; Houston, with 24,350; San Antonio, with 20,000; Waco, with 9,999. Even Wheeling, West Virginia, has 23,141 volumes.

In view of these facts and figures, does not the thought suggest itself to you that it is high time that Richmond, with its progressive spirit and its factors of growth, ought to have a fine free public library, in a building which would be the pride of the city—with at least a hundred thousand volumes, for the enjoyment, use and education of nearly 130,000 citizens—a place where school child and workman, the young and the old, the ignorant and the learned, all seekers after knowledge, might go and profit? The time for makeshifts has passed; a new city library we must have, for the betterment of the State and for the service of all the people.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE TROOPS.

Possibly the newspapers have been impressed finally with the wisdom of the President ordering the troops to the Mexican border without waiting to know what they would think about it. Mexico is a friendly Republic. American interests down there represent hundreds of millions of dollars, and are entitled to protection. War and rumors of war do not promote the arts of peace. If the President had waited until the conditions were so bad in Mexico that troops could not have been dispatched to the frontier without causing the gravest complications in our relations with the established government of our friend and neighbor, the President would have been blamed for his failure to provide against possible contingencies. The fact that there are no contingencies proves the wisdom of the President's course. Of course, he made the mistake of going it alone, but he will know better next time.

ALREADY IS THE HIGHEST PLACE.

There is talk now of making the Hon. Edward D. White, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, the Democratic candidate for President next year. He doesn't know anything about it, and would probably stop the talk if he could. It is true, as the New York correspondent of the Washington Post says, that "he is universally recognized as possessing the qualities that appeal to Democrats, and his fitness for the Presidency goes, of course, without saying," and it is true, moreover, that "he is not identified with any clique or faction, and he appeals as strongly to the East and North as to the South and West," but we have not the least idea that he would accept the nomination if it should be tendered to him. It would be worse than foolish for the party to spoil a Chief Justice to make a Democratic candidate for President, and we should prefer to have Justice White where he is, in the highest office in this or any other country, rather than in the thick of the fight for an office which he would adorn, of course, but which we doubt that he could get. This is one time when we would protest, "let well enough alone."

SCRAPPING IN THE CABINET.

Word comes by way of a Washington dispatch to the Chicago Tribune that there is much friction in President Taft's Cabinet over the Mexican situation, and "the State and War Departments are said to be the storm center of the trouble." "It would not cause great surprise," should Secretary of State Knox hand in his resignation in the near future," and all because Secretary of War Dickinson did not consult more freely with Secretary of State Knox about the movement of the troops to Texas. "The Secretary

(meaning Mr. Knox) is said to be of the opinion that the army officers have been given too free a hand, and that not enough has been left to the diplomatic corps," and Dr. Wood, the head of the military establishment, has denounced in very positive terms that he has ever expressed the opinion that intervention in Mexico would be inevitable. Mr. Taft is reported to be very firm in his position that there shall be no intervention, and there the matter stands. But there is no telling, of course, when Knox and Dickinson may be engaged in a hand to hand struggle, and may the best man win!

There are so many funny things written about the insides of the Departments at Washington. One would think from the stories that are told almost every day that the President is kept dodging at every meeting of his official family at the things they say at one another, and that Major Archie Butt and Commander Palmer and Hilles have their hands full in parting the scorpions. We are half inclined to think that Dickinson really trod on the official toes of Knox; but before condemning him utterly we should like to know how many times Knox consulted Dickinson about the Polish war in Germany and how many troops he could throw into the field if Knox's diplomacy should fail and we should be compelled to serve an ultimatum, or whatever it is, on the German Emperor.

THE METROPOLITAN CLUB.

Much newspaper comment has been made about the refusal of the Metropolitan Club of Washington to elect the Hon. Martin W. Littleton a member of that organization. He is said to have been rejected on the ground that he is not a college graduate, and the action of the governors of the Club has been severely censured because a great many men who are not fortunate enough to have had college training have achieved the highest honors in our democratic country. We do not know why the Club turned down Mr. Littleton; but if it acted within its own rules and did not make an exception in the case of this eminent man, it was clearly within its rights. Besides, this is a rather delicate matter for general discussion, and we do not believe for a moment that Mr. Littleton would relish the publicity that has been given to it. A private club is really not a proper subject for general attack.

REFINING THE NATIONAL GAME.

When "Buck" Pressly, of Due West, smashed the sphere squarely on the nose the other day and knocked it over the right field fence for a home run for Roanoke, the very air sizzled with excitement that would have stirred the blood of a dead man. That was art; that was genius; that was what a thousand or so people went out to the grounds for to see. It is not often that anybody on the Roanoke team ever does anything like that, and we believe that there is nothing said in Elton's history, the favorite volume down that way, about what John S. Nollen, President of Lake Forest College, would have seized upon the occasion doubtless to impress upon his students the importance of preserving a dignified bearing even in the face of such temptation to indulge in riotous demonstrations of uncontrollable enthusiasm.

Gene Morgan tells us in the Chicago Tribune that an effort is being made by college presidents, educators, preachers and other high-brows to reform the vulgarities of the National Game, and that the first point of attack is to be the fan, the stenographic way of writing Fanatic, who punishes space with his mouth and causes confusion even in the midst of the artists on the diamond. President Nollen says that baseball rooting is entirely different now from what it was when he was a young man, and admits that "perhaps the interest in the sport has become intensified to a degree where temperamental outbursts are necessary; but" he holds that "a sport which cannot be conducted in gentlemanly fashion has no right to exist—and that applies even to baseball." President Nollen is especially interested in the sort of ball that is played by college teams, and takes the position that "the relations between rival bodies of college students at a ball game should be ruled by courtesy, for the visiting team and its followers are the guests of the home crowd, and gentlemanly conduct should prevail. I see no reason why the same ethics should not be maintained in professional ball."

Colonel Henry L. Turner—who was brave enough to fire the salute at the dedication of the monument to the Confederate soldiers in Oakwood Cemetery, Chicago, despite the protests of many Grand Army Posts, and who said that if his Regiment, the First Illinois Infantry, would volunteer for this splendid service, which it did to a man, he would give the command, and that the objectors could all go to as hot a place as Savannah—has joined in the movement to refine the game. He is spoken of by the Tribune as a "veteran fan, beau ideal of the grand stand and author of 'The Code of Ethics in Baseball,'" and his feelings have been touched by considerations for the umpire, naturally the central figure in the field and the most abused of all the dignitaries of the diamond. Last summer Colonel Turner actually saw a cushion thrown at an umpire, and a few days later saw the same devoted functionary escorted from the grounds under guard by policemen. The manifestations of disorder in these two cases did not come from the bleachers, where the real fans sit, but from the swiftest sections and the grand stand, which are so often filled with tin-horn sports who would not fight a flea on anything like equal terms. Colonel Turner has been so much impressed

and depressed by the misconduct of the swells that he would organize for the protection of the greatest of all games. Says he:

"It is time that fandom should be thrown into the washbasin and scrubbed until every fellow streak is washed out of it. If it were possible it would seem that a simple organization of fandom, with its designative button of membership, with its registration of all members, and its announced purpose to use its mighty influence for bettering the game, but not to meddle, would be a great power for good."

An advisory committee, a sort of Committee on Committees, has laid down ten rules, the observance of which would result in the refinement of the game. Under these rules, the fans are to keep silence, are to be seen in mass, but are not to be heard; must scrape their feet on the boards; must express their inner feelings as to the decisions of the umpire with which they do not agree only "by knitting their eyebrows sternly but earnestly"; must, with heads uncovered, assist the ladies to their seats; "in case the rulings of the umpire become unbearable the fan will, before venting his ire, count up to 500, dividing the same by seventeen and two-thirds, and after converting the result into dollars and cents, figure the compound interest at 4 per cent for seven months and thirteen days." The most important of the rules, which have been agreed upon by Dr. Nollen, "Old Bill" Dorgan, "Old Roman" Comiskey, and "Old Peers" Chance, relates to the character of language that may be employed with propriety, as follows:

"Exclamations permissible under the influence of passionate fervor: Gracious! O mercy! O dear, oh-oh, putridly performed, deftly executed, kindly remove your foot from my countenance, delightful, shocking, please do not retain your upright position, and thus obstruct my outlook, frightful, capital, bully, O fudge, O peanut brittle!"

It must be understood that these expressions, which are sufficiently descriptive to convey the meaning of those who must say something under provocation, are to be used only in a conversational tone of voice, and not so that they might interfere with the work of the players. It is possible that some of the tougher spirits in the grandstand may object to the improvements thus suggested in the behavior of the fans, but there is no doubt that the game would be made much nicer if these proprieties were observed.

TAKING CARE OF THE GIRLS.

Mrs. Medill McCormick, wife of Medill McCormick, of the Chicago Tribune, and daughter of the late Senator Mark Hanna, has opened a boarding-house in Washington in an old-fashioned residence, where provision will be made for the care and comfort of thirty-three young women who are earning their living by their daily work, and would be happier in their service, possibly, if they could have a place of residence where they would enjoy all the protection and comforts of home. Mrs. McCormick does not need the money; she has not gone into the business to make money out of it, fortunately she doesn't have to; but she feels that working girls in the cities should be taken care of by those who are not thrown upon their own resources. Mrs. McCormick will provide comfortable lodgings for the girls who are admitted to her house, will charge them from \$6 to \$7 the week for board and room, and will see that they are "made at home." It is a worthy enterprise, and the lady is to be congratulated upon her undertaking.

The Emporia Messenger has "understood that the Senator (Martin) was stated as one of the millionaires of the Senate." It has misunderstood; but if Martin is a poor man it wants to know what The Times-Dispatch "would call the editor of a country weekly." We should call the most of the editors of country weeklies we have known very good fellows, fearfully underpaid for their services to their communities, frequently misjudged and under-rated, and generally hard-worked without appreciation.

Talk of the annexation of Mexico is unthinkable. Look at Texas; that's all. Surely, we do not want anything more like that.

Speaking of "fans in the pulpit," if Brother Edgar Graham Gammon, of the graduating class of the Union Theological Seminary, can preach a sermon as well as he used to devour "hot liners" on the Brevard, North Carolina, team, when Brother Richard Reed held down first, he will do well.

We almost wish that Gifford Pinchot, who was burned in effigy in Alaska the other day, could visit Richmond just now to behold the beauty of our trees. They would appeal instantly to his artistic sense. There was never a finer display anywhere in the world.

Complaint was made by an old-fashioned citizen the other day that men of sound and disposing mind, apparently, frequently come down Main Street away into the month of June wearing overcoats with straw hats. Why not? There are very few towns where this sort of thing can be done with propriety; but in Richmond the case is different.

In Bank Street there is a beautiful little oak tree with a great big dead limb disfiguring it, and, in the course of several years, it will be menacing the safety of the people passing beneath it. Why don't the authorities attend to their business?

Voice of the People

An Explanation.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—I recognize the fact that this column is reserved for the people's sentiment and not for useless controversies, and I have no idea of being

involved into one, certainly not by as doughty a warrior as one of "Marion's men."
I think a word of explanation is due, however, since I am being labeled as a "warrior" by my former article, "Hero Worship in Virginia Politics." I desire to state that the article was written in a spirit of love and was actuated by good motives. I regret that I have not been able to arouse the fiery ardor of my fellow Democrat in the Southwest.

I disclaim any intention of reflecting on the intelligence of the Democrats in the Southwest, or in any other part of our State, but thought a note of warning very timely at this stage of the senatorial campaign. My friend's reply certainly verifies one fact presented in my former letter, i. e., the "average" of the people to be believed that there is a "ring" and their resentment at being warned against it.

I think it entirely unnecessary for me to call the names of any of these "heroes" for as clever a gentleman as I judge him to be is only feigning ignorance, even were it not for the "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

I subscribe heartily to his lofty sentiments about "holding high Democracy's flag," but then, let us remember to follow our convictions in the light of present truth, to rally about the standard of the party in whose tenets we believe, and not around those idolized leaders who perchance hold their positions as a result of the "political dog" of brave and courageous men who suffered for the people and for principle.

It is my honest conviction that had the Democrats of the "Ninth" made this warning unnecessary in their district, had they followed the standard rather than the idolized leader, the gentleman of Marion would not be chafing under the rod of Republican rule to-day, the Republicans would not have been given the opportunity to make campaign ammunition of our party antics, and a very dark blot would have been kept off of our party escutcheon.

W. S. T.

Caesar's Head in the Fifties.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch.
Sir—I read a few days since in your paper (of which I am a daily reader) a statement of Caesar's head in the fifties, and I am much interested in the report, but have seen nothing else to confirm it, and I sincerely hope it is not true.

I am a South Carolinian, having been reared at Greenville, which is only twenty miles from Caesar's Head. I have known the head of the mountain in South Carolina, and belonged to a man named James "Haywood." When attending the grammar school of Dr. Pierce, in the fifties, I was equal used to take up the mountains for two weeks every autumn, and on these occasions we climbed the Rabun Gap Turnpike to Mountain Top, a famous summer hostelry kept by Mr. John Thomas. Here the scenery was grand, sublime—nothing but mountain tops and ridges, and a single peak like Pelion upon Ossa, with no rift in the view which offered escape. From this point we went, some five miles away, to Caesar's Head, where a magic lantern, an old-fashioned valley, stream, mountain and forest. The towns of Spartanburg and Greenville were in view to the naked eye, and looking to the southwest, we could see the old mountain, in Georgia, and perhaps, if we had a glass, strong enough we might have seen Atlanta, which was then but a struggling village a few miles from Stone Mountain.

Coming up the mountain from the east, the profile of the face of the old Roman was very striking, but coming from the west there was nothing to be seen until the whole panorama burst upon one, almost dazzling him with surprise and pleasure.

While there, about thirty years ago, we noticed the face of a portrait of Old Caesar had been inscribed with the names of the hundreds of visitors who had stood upon his brow. Being ambitious for notoriety, this writer determined to outdo the previous attempts in this direction. So fastening a rope securely about my waist and tying the other end to a tree, with two or three companions holding on to the rope, I advanced, I crawled to the extreme verge, and stood in the thousands of feet of space below, cut my initials deep into the emperor's forehead, and was drawn back by the rope to safety.

While upon the mountain, a terrible thunder storm came up one evening just about supper time, and though we had tents, were compelled to take refuge in the hotel. The awful grandeur of the scene, with its terrific thunder and vivid lightning, was a spot in the Blue Ridge, and have been in my memory ever since.

Caesar's Head has fallen there has been no more need of a picturesque spot in the Blue Ridge, and have been in my memory ever since. I hope it is not true. M. M. D. Charlottesville, May 6.

That Historic Marker.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—In your issue of the 4th inst. The Times-Dispatch a very interesting article about the old stone marker recently brought to the city from the Mayo Graveyard on James River. This stone is known as the famous "Powhatan" rock. The writer recalls the fact that when a school boy, some three score years ago, he often saw the "Powhatan" rock, and then pondered over the historic associations connected with it. Its earliest traditions were closely allied with the Indians and colonists of Virginia, and the first bridge built over the James River, and known as "Mayo's Bridge."

I find in Henning's "Statutes at Large of Virginia," volume XII, chapter CV, page 226, an act of General Assembly, passed in 1755, an act authorizing John Mayo, the owner of the stone, to erect a bridge across James River. To wit: "First, Be it enacted by the General Assembly that it shall be lawful for John Mayo, the Younger, his heirs and assigns, to erect or build a bridge across James River, from any one of the lands on each shore, between the upper end of Broad Rock Island and the upper end of Contt's ferry landing."

The act goes on to state that the "said John Mayo, the Younger, his heirs and assigns, shall begin to erect said bridge within two years, and complete the same within seven years thereafter." It will be observed in this connection that the first bridge (as per act) did not require or allow "two generations to construct it," as per tradition, etc.

The writer also thinks it within the province of a fair, honest doubt, as to the statement that this first bridge was a "structure of logs floated together," the stone on which the bridge is barely possible that Colonel William Byrd, or the General Assembly, would accept such bridge and grant a charter for same. C. A. R. Richmond, May 8.

Daily Queries and Answers

Cannon.

Is "Uncle" Joe Cannon a member of the Church of Latter Day Saints?
No.

Plastering Ceilings.

Will you inform me as to how we came to fill our inside walls with plaster, and has it a healthy effect on the human body?
M. C.
The general practice of plastering walls and ceilings dates back only about a century. Previous to that time walls and ceilings were either wainscoted, boarded, covered with car tapestry or left unfinished. Brick walls, hollow tiles, plastic compositions and concrete ceilings and partitions have an affinity for plaster, and wooden houses may be said to have been "born" with plaster. An inability to find a reason for the use of plaster and plaster compositions for the purpose, but presume that it proved to be the best material adapted for the purpose and so came into general use.

London Police.

Will you please explain through the column the connection between Scotland Yard and the police force of London? Is it independent similar to the Pinkerton detectives of this country?
M. J.
Scotland Yard is the headquarters of the metropolitan police of the city of London. It was formerly applied to a building at the corner of Charing Cross, London, and derives its name from the fact that the palace long standing at that point was occupied from the time of Edgar to Henry II as a residence for the sovereigns of Scotland when they visited London. New Scotland Yard is on the Thames Embankment, Westminster, and has been the police headquarters since 1891.

Printer's Ink.

What will take printer's ink out of tinners' ink?
M. C.
By the application of ether or oil of turpentine the ink will disappear.

"Buffalo Bill."

Is "Buffalo Bill" still living? Kindly give me an account of his life.
W. W.
"Buffalo Bill" Cody, is still alive and is engaged in the show business. He was born in 1846. At the beginning of the Civil War he was a government scout and guide. In 1863 he enlisted in the Seventh Kansas Cavalry, and from 1868 to 1872 was again in the army as a scout. He served in the Sioux War of 1876, and in the battle of Indian Creek killed Chief Yellow Hand.

Date Palm.

How should a date palm be transplanted?
B. M.
By digging deep around the roots and taking the tree up with as much earth around it as possible.

Gin.

How and where is gin made?
W. W.
Gin is distilled from rye and barley and afterward rectified and flavored.

**PRINCE LUBOMIRSKI
SON OF OLD HOUSE**

BY LA MARQUE DE FONTENAY.

THE Duke Decazes, gentleman in waiting to the Duke of Orleans, chamberlain of the King of Denmark, and a member of the French capital, Scion of one of the oldest houses of the Polish nobility, was a man of many virtues, and his life was a model of the German Emperor in the seventeenth century. He was during his boyhood a page of honor to Czar Nicholas, and published several reminiscences as such, which gave great offense at St. Petersburg.

Migrating to Paris during the palmy days of Emperor Napoleon, and Empress Eugenie, he became a favorite at the court of the Tuilleries and a member of that gay band of "vivants" headed by the Duc de Gramont Caderousse. On account of his avowed love for the "pas de zoret," (ball) which was then the fashion, he was nicknamed "Boule de Suif" (ball of butter), and was subsequently the invention of a new figure, known as the "pas de zoret." In the dance which was then the fashion, he was nicknamed "Boule de Suif" (ball of butter), and was subsequently the invention of a new figure, known as the "pas de zoret."

The prince in 1877, finding himself in financial straits, married the enormously wealthy widow of M. Boyer, who had amassed an immense fortune by the manufacture of his "Boule de Suif" (ball of butter) and was subsequently the invention of a new figure, known as the "pas de zoret." In the dance which was then the fashion, he was nicknamed "Boule de Suif" (ball of butter), and was subsequently the invention of a new figure, known as the "pas de zoret."

The union did not prove a very happy one. The princess was the daughter of a liberal in money matters where her husband was concerned, and at her death, she left him but little.

Eight years ago he contracted a second marriage, leading to the altar the Dowager Duchess of Decazes, by birth a Baroness Lowenthal, of Vienna, and who was the widow of the Duke of Decazes, and of Glucksberg, who was for a number of years Minister of Foreign Affairs at Paris during the first decade of the third republic.

Prince Lubomirski (who was one of the intimate friends and boon companions of the late Emperor Napoleon III., and the present Queen of Holland, and popularly known by the sobriquet of "Citron"), was a very clever and polished man, who had contributed numerous articles to the press, and was a brilliant and amusing man, whose one mistake in life was his chronic inability to comprehend the distinction between a hundred franc note and one of a thousand francs. He was a publicist, and was over long ago. But his "pas de zoret" eccentricities are called to mind by his death.

Language of Christ.

In what language did Christ preach?

The language used by Christ was the Aramaic, the dialect of Northern Syria.

Bouillon Etiquette.

Answer whether or not soups and bouillon should be taken either with a spoon or by lifting the cup and drinking. Are both correct?
J. B. DILLON.
Yes. Half and half will do very well.

Booth.

When and where did Junius Brutus Booth, Sr., die, and where were his remains buried?
W. W.
He died on a Mississippi River boat on the way to Cincinnati in November, 1826. His body was taken to Boston, Mass., and after some change was eventually and ultimately placed in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Md.

Cabinet.

How many members are there in the Cabinet of the President of the United States, and what is the title of each?

There are nine, namely: Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War, Attorney-General, Postmaster-General, Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of the Interior, Secretary of Agriculture and Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

King Oscar of Sweden.

Will you please give a brief account of the life, character, and usefulness of the late King Oscar of Sweden to his kingdom in particular and to the whole world in general.
M. J.
Oscar II, King of Sweden, was born January 21, 1829, son of Oscar I, and grandson of Marshal Bernadotte, whom Napoleon had placed on the throne of Sweden. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his brother, Charles XV, in 1872. He married Princess Sophia of Nassau. Four children were born to them, the eldest, Gustaf, born June 16, 1885, succeeded to the throne upon the death of King Oscar, December 8, 1908. The second son, Oscar II, Prince Oscar, married Lady Edda Munk, one of his mother's maids of honor, and relinquished his rights to the throne. The third son, Prince Carl, and Prince Eugene.

The most important event of the reign of King Oscar II was the separation of Norway from Sweden, that it was effected without war or bloodshed was perhaps the greatest service the King rendered to his country. "Sincerity of purpose, usefulness, energetic pursuit of the intellectual ideal," by such virtues King Oscar II. recognizes the moral greatness of Oscar II, one of the most human, most intellectual and most lovable royal personages of our time.

"The claim of the gentler and sweeter of modern monarchs to the love of his people and the respect of his subjects is a claim which he has won, rather than in what he did." "Not with Gustavus Wasa, Gustavus Adolphus or Charles XII. will be the place of the modern monarch, who has no glorious historical glories can ever cluster. His was a reign of peace. The mention of his name will have no echo of horror, but it shall be said of him with truth that he served his country well."

non-Christian emblem.

Then, too, they wished to know whether they could retain as their battle standard the horse's tail. The third question was whether or not women should have their heads covered in church, while the last and most important question was one which concerns us to-day, was as to whether the Christian woman could with propriety wear bifurcated trousers, which is a public question. The following reply, in a Latin edict, which is given in "Atologia Latina," volume 12, chapter 97.

"In my eyes, the matter of the women's nether garments is a purely secular question, and I have nothing to say about their religious sentiments that I wish to see changed. It is perfectly indifferent to me whether their bodies are clothed in rags, or in gold and pearls. What I care for is faith and good works. You have customs which are not in accordance with Christian morality. You wear pantaloons, and you fear that it will be accounted to them as a sin, since you know that the Bible forbids it. But that pantaloons are meet, not for women, but for men. That is why you have thought fit to consult me. Do not worry yourselves about this. Do exactly as you see fit; preserve your former national customs, or adopt ours. In any case, you are free to do as you please. And after all, if you and your women retain or abandon the pantaloons, it is a matter which concerns your salvation, neither will it increase your virtue. The first men had recourse to girdles. As long as you wear leather breeches, you are Christians. Now that you are Christians, your new faith will fortify you against the temptation of the pantaloons. And there has been no pronouncement since by the Papacy on the subject of the bifurcated garment. In all these twelve hundred years which have elapsed since the pontificate of St. Nicholas the Great, we may be assumed that the Roman Catholic Church, while it has recently condemned in the 'Osservatore Romano,' the official organ of the Papacy, the June collar and the hobbie skirt, as immoral and offensive to the church, entertains no objection whatsoever to the harm or bifurcated skirt."

King Charles of Rumania, in spite of that, has a sense of humor, and has kept him from being a scandal during his near half century of reign at Bucharest. He is a man of a high public spirit, and has written a book on the project for the erection of a grand memorial to Ovid, the most licentious and immoral of all the great Roman poets, and wrote at the times of the Caesars.